



The Laughing Jackass: A Nature Story.

By ELLEN VELVIE, F. Z. S.

Peals of laughter rang out in the warm, clear air, so joyous, so cheerful and infectious that it was almost impossible to help joining in. After several of those peals there would be a little pause, and then the laughter would begin again, softly at first, with a curious little chuckle, and then increasing until the one who was giving expression to his feelings seemed no longer able to control them, but laughed again and again.

The Australian bushmen who heard it nodded their heads wisely and looked pleased, because they looked upon it as a sign of fine weather. The small birds listened with their heads on one side and their tails whisking up and down; the small mammals, such as rats, mice, etc., scampered away hurriedly, while the lizards, snakes and insects drew back cautiously out of sight.

And all this noise and commotion was made by Giglums, the Laughing Jackass, who had got his name from his habit of laughing at all times and in all places without any particular reason, except that the sun was shining. He was sitting on the branch of a tree which overhung the water, and although he appeared to be thinking of nothing but laughing, he was keeping a sharp lookout, for, at the bottom of the tree on which he was resting, in a nice large hollow, his wife had two beautiful pearl-white eggs, and if Giglums saw any moving creature go near the tree he fluttered his wings, stopped

in the tree, was a snake. His long, lithe body was coiled round and round, but his head was uplifted and waving gently to and fro.

Giglums knew perfectly well what he was after. All snakes are fond of birds' eggs, and when Giglums remembered that his wife was out he grew sick with terror; but there was no time to be lost, not even a moment, so with a lightning-like dart he flew down, seized the snake by the back of its head with his strong beak, and, flying up in the air, let it drop to the ground.

Then down he went again, seized it by the neck as before, and held on until it was dead. So overjoyed was Giglums at this that, leaving the snake on the ground to eat later on, he flew up into the tree, and laughed and laughed until he could laugh no longer. And then he suddenly found that the sun had come out again, and up went his head and wings, his ruffled feathers settled themselves again, and he giggled and chuckled and laughed again until he

just looked like the silly old laughing jackass that he was.

But he had saved the eggs, and very pleased his wife was about it, for she certainly wouldn't have bothered to lay any more that year had those been destroyed. But it taught her a lesson not to leave the eggs so long again, and after this she sat on them constantly, only just getting off to eat a lizard or crab or some other dainty which Giglums would bring to the root of the tree for her.

And then came a happy, happy day for them both. For one fine morning first one egg cracked and then the other, and out wriggled two weak, helpless, naked little bodies, so thin and scraggy, and with such huge heads and mouths that no one but a father or a mother could have thought them anything but hideously ugly.

But in the eyes of Giglums and his wife they were the most beautiful little laughing jackasses that were ever born, and nothing was too good for them.

Giglums worked day and night to find delicate, nourishing food and all sorts of dainties. Sometimes he would bring home a pretty, silvery little fish, sometimes a frog, a lizard or some small insects, and at another time he would make tunnels into the ant hills of red clay which are so plentiful in Australia and bring some little ants by way of a change.

In a very little time the young birds became covered with feathers, but as at first these were inclosed in little sheaths, they looked funny, bristly little objects until, these sheaths being fully grown, the sheaths suddenly fell off, leaving them fully plumed.

And the day that this happened Giglums was so pleased and proud of his children, and the sun was shining so brightly and gayly, that he sat and laughed until he nearly choked himself. And, after that, can you wonder that he is always called "The Laughing Jackass?"

How to Make an Eggshell Arch.

By MEREDITH NUGENT.

If you boys and girls want to have lots of fun just save all the eggshells you can and make an eggshell triumphal arch. This is not a little bit of a toy arch, as perhaps some of you might imagine, but a fine large structure, limited only in size to the size of the pasteboard box you are able to procure. It is the easiest sort of an arch to make, too, and so beautiful, especially by candle light, that you will all be surprised at the result of your eggshell architecture.

When you get ready to start to work cut down your pasteboard box with a penknife until it is only about three inches deep all around. Then fasten this firmly in an upright position to the end of the table, or better still, to the cover of the box itself. With a pencil draw three arches, one large and two small ones, on the pasteboard and cut these out with a penknife. Then take some strips of pasteboard three inches wide and fasten these all around the inside of your three arches to serve for its sides. After you have done this get a piece of candle, some sealing wax and all the eggshells you have, and set them near by the pasteboard frame, so as to be convenient to you while at work. As soon as everything is ready hold the sealing wax in the candle flame, and when this is about to drip drop some of it onto the edge of a half

Then take two more half shells and fasten together, so that these will look like a whole eggshell. Now to the lower end of this fasten two pieces of burned matches to serve as the eagle's legs. Then attach another piece of burned match to the top of shell for the eagle's neck. The bird's head is a fragment of shell fastened to this match. Keep a number of fragments of eggshell on hand and pick out the piece which most suggests an eagle's head to you. On no account attempt to shape the fragment into a bird's head, for you will not succeed in doing so, while by carefully looking among the pieces will surely find many that will suggest one far better than you can possibly make. With a pen place a dot on the shell for an eye.

The outstretched wings are large, ragged fragments of eggshell fastened to the eggshell body.

When the bird is completed place two drops of sealing wax on half shells in center of arch and quickly set your eagle's legs into this, holding it there until it is firmly fixed in position.

On top of the arch at each end attach two more half shells, to which you can fasten American flags.

You may make your arch much more elaborate than the one here described if you care to. It is very easy to add more decoration and to add still other designs to it. The eggshells offer splendid architectural opportunities, and the re-



Many sorts and conditions of children cover the wide, shining beach and toddle along the boardwalk of Astbury Park and Ocean Grove these midsummer days. And the tired mother who cannot afford help and who has to snatch a few hours from the heat and tumult of an overbusy life in the hot old town finds the place a Mecca of rest. For, whether they play on the shore or trolly on the green sward, the little ones are safe from danger, and the most restless and mischievous of small adventurers cannot fall into anything worse than long stretches of clean, warm sand.

At low tide, when they are allowed to rove in their diminutive and widely assorted bathing suits, they would have to go a long way into the water before a wave could leap to cover them. Big, bronzed life-savers sit aloft on their like seats, ready to spring at the first sign of danger to any of these little ones.

Two small seaside twins, with huge felt hats and home-made bathing suits, give much amusement to the onlookers. For the seats of their flannel trousers sweep the sands as they gambol like awkward puppies, by the water's edge. Their mother, a fine, broad-shouldered woman, in calico frock and sunbonnet, wades into the water and alternately coaxes and threatens to get them out to her; but they respond timidly and she is divided between wrath at their cowardice and pride in the attention they receive.

There is always something in the way of entertainment for the happy twins, from a Sunday school parade, in which demure misses, carrying tiny parasols and baskets of flowers, follow a band pouring out the lusty strains of "John Brown's Body," to the invasion of the iron cage on the boardwalk, where once dwelt the forest of circus lions.

An old whaling boat, such as put to sea from New Bedford and Nantucket

in earlier days, now occupies a place near the long fishing pier in the sand, where it is acutely manned by the toddlers in small brownies.

An old balloon seller, who had sold only one of his toys from a huge bunch, turned to make change for his customer, and a demoniac burst of wind tore the string from his grasp and whirled away with his stock of hopes with the same tragical force that carries in its maddening whirl that lies in the path of the cyclone and leaves families desolate.

A wild shout of laughter went up from the unthinking crowd, but the old man stood with drooping chin and misty eyes and watched his string of bright-bud hopes rise higher and higher against the sky and disappear.

But the children did not know how much there was of sorrow and despair behind the incident. They laughed and played and shouted in the sunlight, and the knowledge that will make them and is yet a long way off.

The Hippos' Fourteen-Ply Epidermis.

Stand back, Little One, and I will tell you another amusing Google-I story. Google-I, as you all know, lived in a lonely part of the jungle (no, New Jersey is not in the jungle, Little One), and on the Sixth Day it was very cold. In fact, the weather was so frigid that the "Jungle Journal" spoke of it as follows: "The weather is getting so cold that it has become necessary for our Postman to carry ice-picks instead of clubs."

Well, on this particular day, while old Google-I was in his cave warming his

referring to the peculiar condition of the elephant's covering.

"That's one on me," rejoined Mr. Elephant.

"What is?" asked the jingo, innocent Mr.

"My skin. Ha! ha! ha!"

They both enjoyed the big animal's little joke and then Google-I said: "Talking about skins reminds me of the Hippopotamus. Did I ever tell you the story of How the Hippopotamus Got His 14-Ply Epidermis? I didn't? Then you shall hear it now. In 1870 some

Campeche, the woman with the sponge face, I know what I'll do: I'll wait until everybody is soundly sleeping, and then I'll steal out noiselessly, run over to Mister Hippopotamus and do what I know will surely stop the red fluid."

And that is just exactly what the Dog Faced Boy also intended to do.

And the Elastic Man decided to do the same thing.

And the strangest part of all was that each thought he had a bulge on the other.

It was 12 o'clock at night.

The Living Skeleton arose very early, took a lavater, slid out of his tent and hurried over to the dozing Hippopotamus. He worked for a while, and then he hurried back, saying to himself: "The yellow bird is mine. I worked while others slept. And what do you think he did? He putted up every pore in the poor beast's skin."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning.

The Elastic Skin Man slid out of his tent noiselessly, and going over to one of the stables he took therefrom a box and trowel which he had secreted there. Then he hurried over to the Hippopotamus. He worked there a short time and then he hurried back, saying to himself: "I'll get that money. While others sleep I work." And what do you think he did? He put a coat of plaster over the entire skin of the dreaming quadruped.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning.

The Dog Faced Boy left his tent quietly, and getting outside, he went to a hollow tree and took therefrom a nail and brush and hurried over to the Hippopotamus. He worked there a short time and then he hurried back, saying to himself: "I've won the fowl. That's what comes of not putting up until tomorrow what can be done today." And what do you think he did? He tarred the Dumb Beast from the tip of his tail to the end of his porous snout.

The morning had hardly dawned when the Living Skeleton hurried over and whispered something confidentially to the manager.

So did the Elastic Skin Man.

So did the Dog Faced Boy.

The manager, surprised at this, hurried over to the beast, and when he saw his thick skin he looked about in a startled manner.

So did the Elastic Skin Man.

"What did this?" inquired the manager.

"I," said the Dog Faced Boy, and immediately the manager gave him the G. B. No, not the Gold Bird, but, if I may be permitted to use the phrase, the Grand Bounce. Nevertheless, that's just how the Hippopotamus got his Fourteen-Ply Epidermis.



horny hands over some burning fagots, the entrance to his dingy old home was darkened by the huge form of Joboken, the oldest and biggest elephant in the jungle.

"Hello, Google-I," began the colossal quadruped, laying his heavy trunk in a friendly way on the shoulder of the merry jangle jangle. "What are you doing now?"

"I am not doing a porter's work, to be sure," replied Google-I, "so if you will kindly take your trunk off my shoulder I will go and get you a rock to sit on."

The elephant took down his trunk as requested, but when the old man started to go for a rock he pulled him back, saying that he did not care to sit down, having just dropped in to warm himself, and adding: "It's a fact, the cold actually penetrates my hard skin."

"Your skin is not what it is cracked up to be," smilingly remarked Google-I,

thing the Goo-Goo Circus had among its zoological attractions a huge hippopotamus. The hippopotamus at that time had a very fine skin, and his perception was then, as it is now, a very bright red. The manager of the show, however, knew very little about natural history and thought the peculiarly colored liquid was detrimental to the quadruped's health. So he called all his freaks together one morning and offered a Twin Bird to the first man who would stop the Scarlet Booz from oozing out of Mister Hippopotamus. (A Twin Bird, Little One, is the slang used by all showmen to mean a Double Eagle or \$20 gold piece.)

The Living Skeleton soliloquized: "Now, it is certain that Hippo will be taken out tonight and chained to a tree, for his cage, as usual after every evening performance, will be transformed into the sleeping apartment for Mlle.



shell and quickly attach this in position to the bottom of the arch. Continue in this way until the face of the pasteboard framework is completely covered. By sorting your eggshells in the first place into heaps of light and dark shells you will be enabled without any delay to make rows of different colors, which will greatly heighten the effect.

Now that you have the front of your arch all finished, attach shells to the sides of it in the same way as in the front; also at intervals use some large shells, so that these will project beyond the others, and thus add very much to the architecture of the whole.

When this part of your work is concluded begin to make the eggshell eagle, as follows: First fasten on the top and in the center of the arch two half eggshells for the eagle to stand upon.

suits will be as surprising as they are easy of accomplishment.

By turning out all the lights excepting two pieces of candle placed in front of the arch at its base, and also shielding the flare of these from the eyes by pieces of pasteboard, your triumphal arch will loom up grandly in dazzling white against a background of inky blackness. Make all fastenings in sealing wax.

BUMBLEDEGUM.

A poor little Bumbledegum went whirling about on his thumb till he was so tired he nearly expired. That silly, sad Bumbledegum! He suddenly spoke up and said, Right out of his three-cornered head, Why, now suppose I try using my toes. Then my nose it will not be so red.

AN ILLUSTRATED RIDDLE.



his laughter and flew down in fierce anger.

Like all the kingfishers, Giglums was a large eater, and after a while, when he got tired of laughing, he kept perfectly still and watched the water below him anxiously. But it was not a good day for fishing; the sky was too blue and the sun too bright, and it was a whole hour before Giglums saw a single fish.

Then one small, unsuspecting fish popped his head out of the water after a fly, and in a moment Giglums was after him. But for some reason or other he missed him and found himself in the water without getting anything for his trouble. But a kingfisher minds the water no more than a duck, for, having small, close-fitting feathers, the water runs off, leaving him as dry as before.

But, after shaking himself a bit, Giglums decided he would not try fishing any more that day, so set to work to find other food. He began to look about and, being very hungry by this time, picked up an insect or two as a beginning. After this he found a fish bone, and this he took up in his beak and took into the hollow of the tree, where he placed it carefully with the pearl-white eggs.

There was no sign of a nest, but there were other fish bones there, thrown round and about the eggs, and the rotten wood of the tree made a soft resting place for them. Giglums' wife was out, evidently looking for food as Giglums

